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ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. XI.—No. 535.]

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1894.

[ONE PENNY



TRICKING THE PUBLIC AT RAMSGATE.

"As he seems to consider honesty the worst possible policy to pursue, Poor Pa's migration to Buenos Ayres to join Mr. Jabez Balfour is evidently only a question of time. His Thought-reading Seance at Ramsgate, in which Mamma was forced to enact a principal, though distasteful, part, was nothing but a gigantic fraud. Borrowing a few gold watches, a five-pound note or so, and sundry other trifles from the audience, under the pretence that Mamma, blindfolded as she was, would minutely describe the articles, Dad disappeared with his spoils at a gallop, leaving his medium to explain his absence the best way she could."—TOOTSIE.

AWKWARD CONTRETEMPS AT SLUSHTON-ON-SEA.



"Oh, papa! I've got acquainted with such a charming young man. I'm sure he's a perfect swell—his manners are so distinguished!"

"Look! he's coming towards us. Please try to drop your low, vulgar City style, and assume a fashionable air. I'll introduce you."

"Mr. Fitz-Howard—papa!" (And Mr. Throgmorton Street has the honour of an introduction to one of his own clerks—a third-rater at twenty-five bob a week.)

A DEMON OF THE DEEP.

ONE of the most ferocious villains that ever disgraced Humanity was Edward Low, the Pirate. Some of the atrocities he perpetrated were too horrible to be detailed here; but the story we have to tell is surely sufficiently dreadful.

Low was born in Westminster in the early part of the last century, and, says his biographer, "Was, by nature, a pirate; for, even when young, he raised contributions among the boys in that neighbourhood, and if they declined compliance a battle was the result. When he advanced a step further in life, he began to exert all his ingenuity at low games, and cheating all in his power; and those who maintained their own right he was ready to call to the field of combat."

They were, most likely, not sorry to see the back of him at Westminster. And after some years at sea we find him on board a sloop in the Bay of Honduras, and in command of a boat in which were twelve armed men engaged in bringing logwood from the shore. Arriving from one of these trips one day, just before dinner was ready, Low desired that they might dine before they returned. The captain, however, ordered them a bottle of rum, and requested them to take another trip as no time was to be lost. They drank the rum, and Low's share got in his head, for, still in a rage, he took up a gun and fired on the captain, but, missing him, another man was shot in his stead, and

then the mutineers ran away with the boat. Next day they seized a small vessel, "hoisted the black flag, and declared war with the whole world."

Low was for some time remarkably fortunate in the number and value of the captures he made, but each was accompanied by dreadful acts of brutality. A French vessel falling into his hands he took the guns and all the men but the cook, "who, they said, being a greasy fellow, would fry well. They accordingly tied the unhappy man to the mast, and set the ship on fire."

The next who fell in their way was Captain Carter in the Wright galley, who, because he showed some inclination to defend himself, was cut and mangled in a barbarous manner. There were also two Portuguese friars, whom they tied up by their necks to the foremast, and "several times let them down before they were dead, merely to gratify their own ferocious dispositions." Meanwhile, another Portuguese expressed some sorrow in his countenance, upon which one of the wretches gave him a stroke with his cutlass across the stomach. Another of the miscreants aiming a blow at a prisoner, missed his aim and struck Low on the under jaw. The surgeon was called, and stitched up the wound; but Low finding fault with the operation, "the surgeon gave him a blow which broke all the stitches, and left him to sew them himself."

It is difficult to imagine a much more barbarous scene than this, yet similar scenes would appear to have been of almost daily occurrence. We read that these inhuman wretches "made mischief their sport and cruelty their delight, and the murder and ruin of their fellow-men their constant employment. They were as ready to murder a man in sport as in passion." One day Low having captured a Virginian captain, took up a bowl of punch and offered to share it with him. The poor prisoner was in no mood for drinking, and begged to be excused. On this the pirate produced a pistol, and threatened to blow his brains out unless he drank. The Virginian drank.

Coming upon a rich Portuguese vessel, they, after some resistance, captured her. Low then cruelly tortured the seamen to force them to disclose where the treasure was concealed. By these means he discovered that during the chase the captain had hung a bag with eleven thousand moldores out of the cabin window, and that when they were taken he had cut the rope and let it fall into the sea. Upon this intelligence, Low raved like a madman, and having horribly mutilated the captain's face, put him and the crew to death with great barbarity.

It appears by the stories told of this miscreant that there never was an English pirate to equal him in ferocity, and the number of murders he and his men committed are absolutely countless, such wholesale, reckless massacres occurred. Of Low's death, however, we can find no record.

THE BIG BATTLE FOR THE BATESI BELT TO WITCH IS
ADDED A FREE ADMISHUN TO THE DOGG'S HOME.

Round 3—the deeming boi cum upp slo an ketch a fi inn iss i. alexandri seen iss charms go for iss boko butt mis iss tipp an bangg iss one noes onn the grast fetchin off the clarrit. therefere award first biad too alexandri.

(Next week, "Parson Prig.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Very glad to hear it, BARNEY; You had better persevere. Just the same, A YANKEE READER, As they manage over here. Only once, we fancy, MARTIN; Still, you'd better write and see. Haven't any space for story: Much obliged, though, F. F. D. That's the march of progress, TONY, You must grin and bear it now. SLOPER will be happy, JARROLD, If you'll only tell him how. Quite a common error, PATRICK; It is nothing of the sort. We've consulted Tootsie, EDITH, And she really thinks you ought.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Committee of Inspection on the New Baby.

First Visitor. How very like his father!
Second Visitor (his first attempt). Yes, so he is—(waxed with a happy thought)—but it doesn't matter so much for a boy: a man doesn't need to be good-looking.

Very Amateur Singer (at evening party sings). "Oh, let me like a soldier fall."

Agonized Guest. You certainly should, if I had a gun anywhere handy.

WITH what a frantic haste does he,
Who for a week is down
At some seaside resort, contrive
To make himself look brown.

Old Sharpshins. Speech is silvery, but silence is golden.
Young Sharpshins. Ah, that explains the meaning of the phrase, "he purses up his lips." Of course, it's to hold the gold and silver.

Mrs. Peters. And how much did the doctor charge for attending your little boy?

Mrs. Murphy. Not a penny, Mrs. Peters.

Mrs. Peters. How was that?

Mrs. Murphy. Well, you see, he's only a young man just started, and he said he was too grateful to Tommy for spreading the measles all over the school to think of sending in a bill.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 535.—The "Blackpool Bathing" Costume.



Dashed if I don't call this half and half, part salt and part fresh.

"Don't you think there's a little too much cloth in the sack?" "Oh, I make no extra charge for that."



UNDERMINING.
"Come unto these yellow sands? No, thanks; not till those young brats have gone to bed!" (Mem. by Auntie.)



Alfred. Oh! I say, Iwene, con-l-yon—aw—live in a flat?
Irene. Yes; but not with one.

AUTHORS—AUTHENTIC.
No. 17.—Blackmore.
(Blackmoor.)

SCENE—A well-known meadow resort that shall be nameless.
Black-Garbed Individual (to pallid-faced new arrival, taking his seat in fly at station). Allow me, sir. (Presents card.)
New Arrival (handing it back). Thanks, no; I've settled on my hotel.
Black-Garbed Individual. Pardon me, sir, but—er—perhaps it's as well to keep it by you. I'm the undertaker here, and I'm showing some very stylish things in summer coffins just now.

Elderly Young Thing (with indignation). I should like to see myself marrying any man in the present day.
Youthful Young Thing (oh, so sweetly!). I dare say you would, dear; but how about the poor man!

First Man (during discussion). My wife always opens my letters.
Second Man. You don't say you permit her to do that?
First Man. Well, you see, she doesn't wait for permission—she just does it.

It makes the wily plumber smile
At thoughts of future pelf,
When man gets out his tools and tries
To do some job himself.

SCENE—Battersea, West Ham, or Canning Town.
Peaceable Stranger. Those two men over there are quarrelling most dreadfully, policeman; you had better take that one with the coalheaver's hat on in charge before something happens.
Policeman (horried). I couldn't, sir, he's a Hem P.
Peaceable Stranger. Well, it doesn't matter, so long as you separate them. Why not lock up the other one?
Policeman (still more horried). Not me! why, 'e's a County Councillor!

Miss Oldbird. No, I positively don't think I ever remember such a dreadful storm—
Fair Young Thing (innocently). Really? I've heard there was a very similar one in 1864.

First Guest. Have you tried that leg of mutton?
Second Guest. Yes; and found it guilty—tough as leather.
First Guest. Ah, no doubt it wants hauging.

Magistrate. Why did you strike your husband with the poker?
Prisoner. Shure, yer honour, an' it's the spalpeen himself had hidden the copper-stick, bad cess to him

Wife (affectionately). Oh, you poor, dear, tired hubby! let me take your coat and hat, dear. Here are your slippers. I've got such a nice little dinner for you, just what you—
Hubby. It's no good, my dear, I haven't got a shilling I can spare; I was disappointed in the City this morning, and didn't get the money I expected.

Tom (to friend who is sharing bed). Do you always snore like that, old chappie?
Jack. Oh, no; only when I sleep.

MEN worth a lot of cash you'll find
In plenty on this earth,
And that's precisely all, alas!
That most of them are worth.

SCENE—Dinner Party.
He. Your husband is abroad, I am told?
She (stockbroker's wife). Yes; he's travelling in South America.
He. Oh, indeed! and do you expect him home shortly?
She. Well, I can't exactly tell. You see, these extradition arrangements take up such a lot of time.

Young Wife. Oh, Charlie! you told me you didn't play billiards, and now look at all these pieces of chalk in your pocket.
Charlie. Well, I haven't won a game for a month, and if you call that playing, I don't.

Company Promoter (engaging secretary). Er—well, as I see we understand each other, may I ask if—er—if you are a fairly fluent liar?

Applicant. Oh, yes, sir; I once sold a man a horse.
(Engaged instantler.)

Jones. I met Brown just now. He must have been harder hit than we thought when that bank failed.

Smith. What makes you think so?
Jones. Why, he told me that he loved London in August, and that seaside hotels and lodging-houses were the most uncomfortable places in the world.

First Pretty Darling. Were you at Kate's wedding? What sort of a show was it?
Second Pretty Darling. Oh, very paltry. Why, would you believe it, my dear, they didn't even have a detective man to look after the presents.

She. I've decided to call my puppy after you.
He. Haw—that's wather wough, isn't it?
She. Oh, no, it doesn't matter; the little chap doesn't understand enough to feel hurt.

Arthur. Has anybody been tidying up my study?
Wife. I did, dear. Why?
Arthur. Because I can't put my hand on a single thing I want.

A TRULY most gigantic sum
Must year by year be lost
By tradesmen who can sell their goods
For under what they cost.

Stranger. I have a cottage in the country, which I want to let.
House-Agent (to clerk). Enter a "Charming Cottage Ornce, to let, with—"

Stranger. It contains six rooms—
House-Agent (to clerk). Alter that to "Handsome Villa."
Stranger. But there is no upstairs.
House-Agent (to clerk). Call it a "Luxurious Bungalow."
Stranger. With a one-stall stable and small coach house.
House-Agent (to clerk). Why, it is a "Most Desirable Country Residence with Stabling, suitable for Small Family."

Mrs. Snapper. I thought you were not acquainted with the Gratelies, my dear?

Mrs. Snapper. Neither are we, my dear.

Mrs. Snapper. How is it you know so much of their private affairs, then?

Mrs. Snapper. Why, we employ the same charwoman.

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TOOTSIE AT BLACKPOOL.

GOOD old bookings! This tour is going to turn out just as I supposed. What do you say to a merry spin from Weymouth to Blackpool? As I expected, we didn't take our eyes at Weymouth, but Lord Bob says we shall be all right here.



Admiring the pictures.

In the good old times gone by, when George I. was king, there were theatrical performances at Blackpool "in a place which nine months of the year served as the threshing-floor of a barn. It had rows of benches, called pit and gallery, the prices being two shillings and one shilling. When filled, it was supposed to hold six pounds." I hope things are a bit livelier nowadays.

I wrote the above, on Sunday, in the train. Oh, my dear, what a journey! We carried our provisions with us, of course, for there is not much chance of anything eatable at the refreshment rooms. The Dook Snook says that when Charles Dickens wrote "Mugby Junction," it was supposed that the refreshments would have greatly improved, but here we are in 1894, very much up-to-date and all that sort of nonsense, and yet look at the three-cornered abomination called a sandwich—without salt or pepper—without mustard—without butter!

Blackpool is a good large place, and there are plenty of amusements, plenty of music and dancing and eating and drinking and darning, of course, and even theatrical performances seem to be in favour. Said Mr. William Holland, whom we met on the parade: "Ah, my dears, delighted to see you. We'll have a big house to-night."

The parade or promenade at Blackpool is by some pronounced to be superior to the King's Road, Brighton. I won't go as far as that, though I must allow a stroll hereon is delightful, and you have from the houses lining it a splendid view of the sea and the most invigorating of sea-breezes, which, by the way, make you quite dreadfully peckish. So much so, that when W. H. took us to lunch, that Tootie Goodenough and that Lardi Longsox fell upon the food like famishing wolves and made me feel awfully ashamed.

The Winter Gardens, over which our William rules so graciously,



An old acquaintance.

you will be charmed with, I am sure, with their lofty dome, spreading palms, and tropical foliage and flowers, to say nothing of the fernery, with its winding walks and shady nooks. Moreover, there is not a collection of William Baxter's wonderful pen and ink drawings, illustrative of more or less memorable or regrettable episodes in the career of my revered parent? I allude to Poor Pa. This touching series will bring tears to your eyes; and our William assures me he has wept over them by the hour together.

The bathing is very good at Blackpool, and by way of an advertisement Lord Bob distributed handbills announcing that Miss Tootsie Sloper's London Burlesque Company would bathe at twelve precisely. The Brassheaded Band—for the most part symmetrical young persons—who had becoming costumes provided for them, were excessively frolicsome; and it is needless to say that Tottie, Lardi and I were the observed of all observers. They tell me lunch that morning was universally half an hour later.

Blackpool has a very fair population at the present time, and is yearly increasing, and during the season the number of visitors is very large. I should think good old Mr. Hutton of Birmingham, who paid it a visit in 1788, would be much surprised if he could revisit the earth some Bank Holiday, when the excursionists were well to the fore and things were "proper lively."

We are doing good biz. this week. My songs, "Home with the Blue Sky Blue" and "The Powder Came Off on his Coat," go with a scream. Ditto my dances. Tottie and Lardi are a bit sulky, but that does not matter a bit. Our first and second low coms. are also not as friendly as they were, and Mr. Jones has been overheard grinding his teeth at the wings, and has been discovered sharpening a knife.



Admiring.

You know those two mashers I spoke of, dears—Legs and Ginger! Well, they're both down here, and both at the theatre every night with huge bouquets. Once again Ginger's bouquet has fallen short of the stage and given the leader a regular omer on the back of the head, and leader says he doesn't like it.

But I have something to tell you about Legs that will make you die of laughing. Well, you must know, dears—both. no more room!

THE MARCH OF LEARNING.

THE midsummer examination at the village school had been held the week before, and to-day the happy youngsters who had shone in it bore each a prize of some sort to their joyful, bucolic homes. And nice useful prizes they were, too, ranging from a clinicodynamometer to an instrument for ascertaining the weight of the rainfall. Young Bill Turmutopson was the proud recipient of a ninepenny thermometer, and when he exhibited it to his aged masculine parent the old man fairly opened his eyes.

"What d'ye say it is, Billie?" he asked for a second and third time. "A thermometer."

"Ay, but what is it to do with?"

"Why, it's one o' they things what tells yer 'ow cold or 'ow 'ot it is."

"How col' or 'ow 'ot it is?"

"Yus."

The old man drew himself up proudly.

"Looker here, Bill, you was 'leben years old last Goose Fair—now d'ye tell me you're sich a fat-headed young fool that ye can't tell how 'ot or 'ow col' it is? Hev' ye lost what little sense you 'erited from yer mother 'n feyther—specially yer feyther? Hev'!"

"No, feyther, not a bit; but what I means is that this yer mashen gives yer the figures—"

"It 'erd give me the jiggers, Billy."

"That's becoss yer never had much schoolin', feyther; but it tells yer jest 'ow many 'grees' ot or 'ow many 'grees' cold—"

"Looker here, Bill," and the old man grabbed the boy by the ear, and reached out his right hand in the direction of a section of leather-belted that belonged to the threshing machine. "it's 'ard enough to be robbed, right an' left by this yer School Board, but when they teaches boys to sauce their feythers, it's all got to stop of a sudden. I know when it's 'ot, and I know when it's cold: they'll be bringin' out a machine to tell a man when it's light and when it's dark next! You jest go and put that there 'ometer behind the kitchen fire—"

"But, feyther—"

"Don't 'but' me, my lad—I ain't a-playin' at goats. You jest go straight an' put that 'ometer behind the kitchen fire, then take that prong an' go an' dig up that acre of pertaters that I've been a sweatin' at all th' mornin'; arter you've been at that a hour or tew you won't want no 'ometers ter tell ye whether it's 'ot or col—go on! git a move on yer!"

RATHER IRRITATING.

SCENE—Railway Carriage.

Passenger (to Farmer-looking Personage). Bad this wet for those who have't got their hay up.

Farmer-looking Personage (rather deaf). Hey?

Passenger. Yes, hay.

Farmer-looking Personage. Hey?

Passenger (growing angry). I said hay, sir.

Farmer-looking Personage (still anxious to hear). Hey—hey?

Passenger. Confound it, you old fool, I said hay, and if you fancy I don't know what I'm talking about, you're jolly well mistaken.

[Retires to corner, and mutters for rest of journey.]

SEASIDE SONNETS.

No. 3.—A RASH EXPERIMENT.

Oh, 'twas the joggling donkey-ride

Which gladdened (more than any

Diversion of the beach beside)

The heart of genial Jennie.

Oh, 'twas the swain of jovial Jane

Who ne'er in life had ridden

Upon the back of any hack,

Or any moke bestridden.

Oh, 'twas the Margateque seaside,

Where Jennie murmured sweetly:

"Unless you join my donkey-ride,

You'll spoil my fun completely!"

Oh, 'twas the swain of jovial Jane

Made acquiescence boldly:

But on his forehead, thick as rain,

The drops of sweat lay coldly.

Oh, 'twas a maid the beach did scour

With fine equestrian talent:

But what an "evil quarter-hour"

His donkey lent her gallant!

Oh, 'twas the swain of jovial Jane

Kicked off his moke thereafter:

And Margate Shore was one huge roar

Of loud contemptuous laughter!

A PICK-ME-UP

THE most gentlemanly and urbane chemist in New Cross was standing at his door the other morning, silently meditating a prayer to nature—nature that with marvellous forethought for the needy druggist, alternates the seasons of the grass-green gooseberry, the timed lobster, the over-ripe cucumber and the silent but all-satisfying prussic-acid blue plum—when a stranger, bleary of eye and uncertain of footstep wandered along from the south-east or Deptford direction. His bloodshot eye fell upon the fly-specked carboys in the pill-compounder's windows, and he asked:

"Is this a chemist's?"

"It is, sir."

"Ah, but I don't mean a' ordinary chemist's; I want one more like the Piccadilly shops, where they can tighten up a cove as has been overdoind' himself a bit with a pick-me-up if he's in need of it."

"Bless my heart, sir!" responded the chemist, "we're up to all that kind of thing, I assure you—Piccadilly chemistry at Peckham prices."

"I ain't quite the thing this mornin'; ye see, it was my birth-day yesterday."

"Oh, ah, quite so. And you celebrated it a bit?"

"I did that—you oughter have my 'ead."

"Not I, sir! Had any breakfast this morning?"

"Breakfast! Strike me up a mulberry!—breakfast!"

"Ah, I thought so. Now I'll give you something that will make a man of you. Something that will take your thoughts away from yesterday's orgie, and something that will drive away all politics, horse-racing, love-making, book-making, brain-fagging despondency from your mind."

Then the thoughtful chemist, who clung to the marvellous doctrine that it's human nature to appraise the virtues of a medicine by its nastiness, poured into a phial-glass a drachm of assafetida, a teaspoonful of red ink, the white of an egg that was useless for all save electioneering purposes, a thimbleful of boot-varnish, a gill of syrup of squills, the dregs of his tumbler of last night's supper-beer, a teaspoon of castor oil, and the liquid of a broken spirit-level.

"Now, sir, shut your eyes and down it goes—"

Three days later, as soon as he was able to leave his room, he went straight off and signed the pledge. He said, "it wasn't the getting drunk he minded so much as the stuff you had to take to get you sober again."

ALTOGETHER WRONG.

Mistress (of finishing school). Your daughter's education has been shamefully neglected, Madam. I regret to say so, but, in many things, she will have to commence at the beginning again.

Mother. Really! I am surprised to hear that. In what way is she so backward?

Mistress. It is not so much backward, Madam, as misinformed. For instance, she is sitting in such a clear ringing voice that, instead of enjoying their own conversation, people have to listen to her, while her handwriting is so abominably plain that one can actually read every word of it.

A SIMPLE COUNTRY MAID.

SHE was simple.

Harold Taverner actually chuckled to himself as he thought of the girl's absolute guilelessness, remarkable even for one brought up entirely in a sleepy, old-fashioned little village a hundred and twenty miles from the Metropolis.

He had met this unsophisticated rustic beauty in the course of a sketching tour through the West of England. The girl was pretty, undoubtedly, and Harold decided that a week or two devoted to cultivating her acquaintance would not be ill spent, and he accordingly put up at the not uncomfortable village inn, and prepared to indulge his taste for landscape painting and mild flirtation.

For Harold was a very young man and possessed not of the wisdom of years or experience; but then who, when a young and pretty damsel absolutely goes into audible raptures before your easel, would deny themselves the obviously easily procured pleasure of her acquaintance? Not Harold, certainly. He expressed himself delighted at her approval, and in next to no time she was chatting as if she'd known him all her life.

They met constantly after that. Ruth—even her name was a simple, old-world one, you see—Ruth was evidently very much smitten with the nice-looking young stranger, and Harold—well, he hardly thought it worth while to mention that he was engaged to a pretty little cousin of his, at Regent's Park.

They were pleasant days. Ruth would go for long rambles with him and point out all the deserving bits of local scenery, and Harold would paint and make love simultaneously.

Poor, simple, guileless little Ruth! She was terribly distressed when Harold at length hinted at leaving. She begged so pitifully for something to remember "the friend with whom she had spent so many happy hours," as she termed it, that Harold gave her a ring he wore; and I regret to say that, by way of comfort, this bad young man actually

kissed her as they strolled home together.

"You'll come and see me again soon, won't you?" she had pleaded, and he had promised faithfully; only very pressing business, he told her, was taking him away. But that night he wrote her a spiffing little note all about love and happiness, and vowing to come down again shortly and set the church bells ringing in celebration of their marriage.

Then he packed up his traps and left by the last train, congratulating himself at having avoided anything like a scene.

"But wasn't it rather a silly thing to write to her?"

asked Jack Wilson, a few weeks later, when Harold was entertaining a few select chums with the story of his adventure.

"Bless you, no," laughed Harold; "the girl was as simple as they make 'em—never met such an innocent, unsophisticated little thing before; besides, she knew nothing more than my name, and I shall take care not to go near the place again. Hello! what's this?" he cried, as the servant entered—"a letter. Why, it—well, this is peculiar. It's a letter from the rustic charmer herself. Here, Jack, you read it out. It'll just show you all what a simple little pet it is."

His friend took the letter. "You said she only knew your name," he remarked. Then he read aloud:

"DEAREST HAROLD,—Not having heard from you since your departure, father thinks it quite time you paid us another visit, especially as all our relations are quite anxious to see my future husband. I have received lots of congratulations, and people who met us when we were together have formed quite a good opinion of you."

"Do you know, dear, you actually went away without leaving your address? But it didn't matter, as, curiously enough, my brother John also went to London by your train, and followed you home in case you might forget to forward it."

"Come down soon, dear Harold, and bring me a nice half-hoop of diamonds and rubies to replace the temporary engagement ring, which has, however, been much admired."

"Your loving little sweetheart, RUTH."

"P.S.—Only fancy, a horrid ploughman from our farm was listening behind a hedge all the time you told me how much you loved me, and how happy we should be when we were married! I am so vexed."

Jack handed back the letter with a smile. "Very, very simple," he said quietly. "I should think the jury would estimate the damages at about five hundred."



Sketching.



Strolled home together.



"Read it out."



Little Girl. I don't want to go into the sea, I only want to show my new bathing costume, like my big sister there.



Bob. My name, d'yer say? Why, Nebuchadnezzar Ezekiel Juggins.
Old Gent. Great powers! whoever gave you it?
Boy. I don't know; but I'll give him beans when I find out!



"I thought you said you were going fishing, Mary?" "So I have been, Ma, and caught this splendid Jack."



"Yes, dear, I think I must want a change. I can only smoke a dozen cigarettes a day on an average now, and eight brandies and sodas quite upset me." — Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

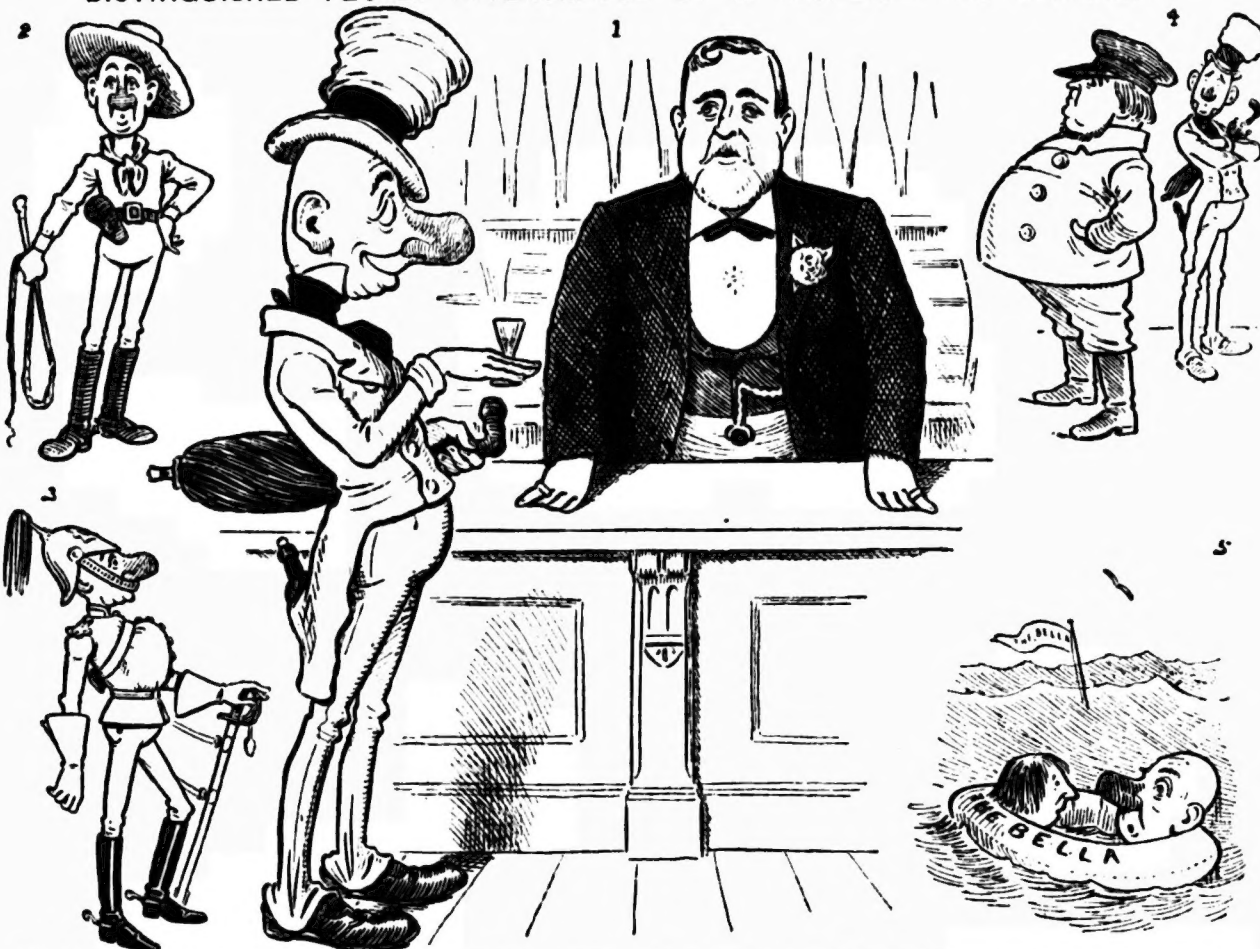
TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 319.—MISS QUEENIE HELMER.

"What would I give to win my love's affection?" —The Duck Snook.
"Find me the words to tell my burning passion." —Lord Bob.
"Ne'er have I gazed on such entrancing beauty." —The Hon. Billy.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—"THE CLAIMANT."



"Ullio!" said McGooseley the other day, while looking over the paper: "chance for free drinks here, -LOPER." "Ah! what mean you?" excitedly cried the famous *Litterateur*. Then McGooseley slowly spelt out the following advertisement: "'Sir Roger Tielborne (the Tielborne (Claimant) will be happy to see any of his old friends and supporters at the Half Moon, Gracechurch Street, City.'" "Evidently an invitation to a kind of house-warming, SLOPER." "I will away and interview him," murmured A. SLOPER, and he awayed. (1) "What will you take, sir?" inquired the host. "Thank you, Sir Arth—I mean Sir Roger; I will take 'Unsweetened.' Your health. You don't remember me at Wagga-Wagga?" (2) "I was a prosperous sheep farmer in those days." "Indeed!" said the Claimant, adding, "you have not paid me for the 'Unsweetened.'" "What!" cried A. SLOPER. "I thought—" "Threepence, please," said the Claimant. (3) "I was a brother officer of yours, you know," went on A. SLOPER, "in the Carabineers. Let me see—I was serving in

that regiment—" "Pay for the gin, please," said the Claimant. (4) "Surely," continued A. SLOPER, "you recollect, to paraphrase the song, the first time I met you at Wapping Old Stairs?" "Now, then, let's have it," said the Claimant. (5) "You can't have forgotten," cried A. SLOPER, "when the *Bella* went down, our sharing the last life-buoy together." "Look here, do you mean to pay for that drink?" demanded the Claimant. "Well, the fact is," said A. SLOPER, "I did not come provided; I thought, by the tone of your advertisement—" Here, at a sign from the Claimant, the chucker-out came into play. While limping down Gracechurch Street who should the Wreck run against but McGooseley, who would have avoided him. "McGooseley," cried he, "I was a bit hard on you to-day—forgive me. Go, my friend, where glory waits thee!" and he pointed to the Half Moon. A. SLOPER just lingered long enough to see a crowd gather round its portals, and a policeman fetched, and then hurried from the place with all speed.

THE ELDER'S NEW WORK AND PULPIT REFERENCES THERETO.



(1) It has leaked out that the Elder is writing *Observations on Brow-Idle Sinners*, and he is perpetually annoyed by conscience-stricken deacons of the parish yelling into his window, "Dinna forget that disgraceful action o' your ain, McNab, about the Kirk Psalmody Fand," or "See that ye pit in about your bad behaviour tae Maggie Tamsin, Elder," or "Hoo about that spavined ooo, ye carncevous capercallzie?"

(2) Then, strong in the knowledge of his unassailable virtue, the Elder smote the tormentors.

(3) "Aye, aye, it's unco times when sinners can lay sacrilegious hands on their minister, and knock stars out their beloved and anointed Lairds, and bash the honest noses o' virtuous an' long-sufferin' farmers; but, McNab, ye grinnin' ahyes o' darkness, the Session an' me'll gie ye a clout or twa yet, Soulaie." But the Elder only smiled a dreamy, dreamy smile.

YALE & OXFORD

"TATA - OLD CHAP. SEE YOU AGAIN. I HOPE."



Naming the York Kid.



Anarchy & Law.



At Osborne.



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.



The Duke at St. Albans.



To meet Izeyl & Sany Gure.



Prizes at Bisle.

Hullo, there, my cheery patrons! how find you yourselves by now? Fit and well, I trust, all of you. I have a right good show for you this week, not that that's anything exceptional, by the way, but still, I like to keep up my reputation. But let us trot onward.—Pursued from the arms of Royal dames, The Prince receives its many names:—Of this there's not the slightest doubt, We must stamp Anarchism out:—The Queen and Court, or greater part, For Osborne and its joys depart:—

Let's hope the Yale athletes once more Will visit England's welcome shore:—To Verulam the Duke doth hark, To open Blundell Maple's park:—The two great actresses, I'm told, A charity reception hold:—The Duke, upon the final day, The Bisle prizes gives away.—There, that's about up to the usual mark, I fancy, isn't it? if not a trifle above it. See you again, I hope, next week, all of you. Ta, ta! for the present.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

THE SEA SERPENT AGAIN



ILL STARRED!

"What I orf ter Fillerleifer! well, I'm figgered! What sort o' luck does you expect to git in a land whot's got thirteen stars on its banner?"



Tommy, I say, Nunkey, reading the Pink 'Un again! Here's off to tell auntie.
Hoppeked Uncle. Hullo, Tommy! is that you? I've been looking for you everywhere to give you a shilling. Er—by the by—what put you on going to tell your aunt you saw me reading?
Tommy. All right, Uncle, I twig! the Christian Herald, of course.
Ta, ta!



But it was only our friend, Jones, the long-distance diver who goes off the boat in front of the ladies' machines. Goodness! how he frightened Dora Fleming.



THE "HALLS-BY-THE-SEA."

Miss Millicent de Londonstar, resting.



The Landlady of Skinner Boarding Establishment, to one of her visitors after dinner. Are you admiring my fish, Sir? Visitor. Yes; I was wishing I was that fish, so well stuffed.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

DURING the last week or two friend Jonathan has had his hands full with a vengeance, and the wonder to us is that North America is not now in the midst of a civil war of the bloodiest description. It seems



Amarchists. A few years imprisonment would do them good.

A. SLOPER has received a letter from a supporter of the Anti-Gambling League fraternity protesting against his iniquity in encouraging racing by keeping the Skunk. A. SLOPER has responded that he feels no sense of shame at owning the probable winner of the St. Leger.

GINETTA MARGARINE and Boulanger Shakebacon have addressed a joint communication to the Duchess of York, intimating their willingness to play with the infant Prince as soon as he can take care of himself.

DON'T forget, please, that the London Pavilion authorities celebrate the thirty-fifth anniversary of their opening on Friday, the 27th. A. SLOPER will make a special journey to town expressly to be present at this event, and hopes to see most of his London friends and admirers present at the ceremony.

AN old gentleman—at least, we presume he is an old gentleman—complains in a morning paper of the dangerous habit of throwing pebbles, so much indulged on the beach at the seaside. He waxes very wroth at having been struck on the hat, and twice on the back of the neck, by missiles intended for someone else. Very annoying, of course, but the pebble-throwing has long been regarded as the recognised form of introduction by many of the frivolous young people who take their annual holidays at places like Hastings, Margate, Ramsgate and Yarmouth; and as love is proverbially blind, it is not surprising that the aim of some of the enamoured couples is at times a trifle erratic.

THE Mildewed Fabric has this day been pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon EDWARD HUSTED, because he's a clinking dentist. "Feyther," chortled the Azure-Orbed, "it's very gratifying to see talent rewarded, ain't it? Brighton ought to be proud of its crack molar puller, an' no error—the way he relieves suffering humanity is somethink wonderful." And the Aged concurred, and the two adjourned to drink Edward still more fame and fortune.

ONLY one toast—that of "Our Guest"—will be submitted to the dinner given by sundry Members of the House of Commons to Sir William Harcourt. It will probably be proposed by A. SLOPER if he is found sober enough at the time.

THE effects of the seaside air is just beginning to make itself felt on A. SLOPER'S phyzog. Readers will doubtless be interested to learn that the epidermis is peeling off his nasal organ already, and that his other features are browning nicely.

HOWEVER unwelcome it may be to the public generally, the present spell of wet weather is, at any rate, appreciated by at least one portion of the community, viz., theatrical managers. Gloomy days, followed by generally showery evenings, are driving the public into the theatres in their thousands. Shall we forgive Her, at the Adelphi, seems to be especially popular with the theatre-goer who still remains in London. We have, indeed, seen the Adelphi far less crowded during the height of the theatrical season than it is at present. Engaged in the interpretation of the piece are such well-known artists as Fred Terry, C. Dalton, Julian Cross, H. Leigh and Julia Neilson.

THE American Line is now running steerage passengers over to New York for thirty-six shillings. This is a reduction with a vengeance. If the present competition continues between the different companies, we shall find one or two of the wealthiest of our lines offering us a premium to travel by their vessels.

By special desire of Royalty in general, and A. SLOPER in particular, McGooseley paid a visit to the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties one evening last week. For a wonder, and much to the surprise of the manager, he was perfectly sober at the time of his arrival, and was able to sample the excellent programme without much difficulty. The programme is most certainly constructed of the proper materials, and is just about as good as they make 'em nowadays. The artistes who, according to Mac's views, are chiefly deserving of praise are, Fred Boisset and Troupe, the Keegan Elvin combination, Leon Clark with his wonderful Cats, Herbert Campbell, Eugene Stratton, Paul Cinquevalli, and the Sisters Asher. It is almost needless to assert that Mac was not quite so sober upon his departure as on his arrival.

JONATHAN, through the medium of his Yale College representatives, has received another nasty smack in the face from John Bull, as represented by Oxford University. A few more of these downers will raise Jonathan's dander to a pretty considerable extent, and then we must look out for squalls. Our Yankee friends like not to play second fiddle to any country, although they often have to do so to our own tight little isle.

So we are not to have Jabez Balfour back in England after all. This is a pity, because the warmth of the reception awaiting him could not have been otherwise than gratifying to the ex-M.P. But, then, Jabez always was bashful.

MR. SLOPER has again taken his annual shooting at Battersea, where reports from the coverts are to the effect that stray cat shooting promises exceptionally well this season.

THE Hon. Billy, who has lost weight considerably lately, viz., a pound in a fortnight, has consulted several eminent physicians. They one and all assure him that the only consumption he is suffering from is chronic consumption of bath buns.

THE Season—with a capital S—is practically over, and, according to the popular fiction, there is hardly anybody left in town. The first of the fashionable country functions is, of course, the Cowes Week, and with the increased stimulus which recent important contests have given to the truly English sport of yachting, the interest in the fixture is this year greater, perhaps, than ever before. Both the victorious Britannia and the vanquished, but not disgraced, Vigilant will compete; and it says much for the American owner's pluck that he is willing to resume the contest again. The absence of any craft belonging to A. SLOPER is, of course, a drawback; but the Royal Yachting Squadron and its guests must bear their disappointment with becoming fortitude.

THE statement that the Dook Snook has written a paper for Larks! upon "The Science and Art of Borrowing," needs a little explanation. Whilst fully admitting that His Grace is well up in his subject, the editor of the great comic h'porth has declined the treatise on the ground of unsuitability. It's only first-rate stuff finds its way into Larks!

THE following epistle has been received from the infantile son of the Duke of York: "Prince Edward Albert George Andrew Patrick David Christian presents his compliments to Mr. ALLY SLOPER, and begs to thank him for the silver toothpick sent to him on the occasion of his christening. He begs to add that he shall certainly utilize the same as soon as nature permits."

YE youthful lordlings and scions of houses aristocratic, sit up, and smile. There is good news for you from America, where, dis-

gusted and alarmed at the strike, and consequent commercial depression, numerous wealthy citizens have decided to pack up for Europe without delay. Now the aforesaid wealthy citizens have not infrequently daughters, and these daughters share with their tuft-hunting mammascertain ambitious notions of becoming matrimonially connected with the British Peerage. There are, we know, plenty of impetuous young nobleman about who would be only too glad to lay their heart and title at the feet of some fair transatlantic belle possessing the requisite number of dollars, and consequently things should be fairly lively in the matrimonial market shortly.



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING 4TH AUGUST, 1894.

29th July, 1714.—Queen Anne was this day seized with a lethargic disorder and died on August 1st of dropsy, aged 50. "Her favourite amusement was hunting, which she practised in her chaise; but the gout increasing upon her, and becoming extremely unwieldy, she was constrained to forego this wholesome exercise. Her intemperate mode of living also probably hastened her end." It is related by one writer that she was much addicted to spirituous liquors. Tindal contradicts this assertion, and states that her excess was principally in eating.

30th July, 1683.—Maria Theresa of Spain, wife of Louis XIV. of France, died this day. Louis the Great wore his wig even in bed, determined never to lose sight of his Royal authority for a moment.

31st July, 1889.—The *Daily Telegraph* of this date says: "The muscles, the spangles, and the leer of a mountebank, have been the ruin of a poor woman of good birth. She was professionally known at fairs as the 'Femme-Panthere,' as she exhibited herself in the external resemblance of a wild beast of this description. She was the daughter of a wealthy vineyard owner in the Department of the Charente, and at the age of sixteen she was fascinated by an itinerant 'Belphegor' named Letorney, who induced her to run away with and marry him. She did so, taking with her three or four hundred pounds, which she stole from her parents. With this money Letorney was enabled to 'run' a small circus, with which the pair travelled about the Continent. Afterwards, however, Letorney took to drinking, sold his horses, his canvas, his poles, his wagons, and his sawdust supplies. He then tried to start a show of some kind again. For this purpose he pitched and tarred his wife, then covered her with skin and hair, and passed her off as the 'Woman Panther.' The spectacle drew in the Paris fairs, but Madame Letorney at length mutinied against her brutal lord and master, refused to perform any more as a wild beast, was duly 'whopped' by her drunken tyrant for her disobedience, and now, as a last resource, has appealed to the Law for protection."

1st August, 1883.—The Parcel Post was first introduced on this day. We find the first indications of a system of regular postages in the times of the earlier Plantagenets, who had their own messengers, under the title of "Nuntii." Edward IV. is stated by some historians to have established stations, or posts, where relays of messengers and horses were kept ready for the Royal service. These were placed at intervals of twenty miles; and matters were so managed that they could hand on messages from one to the other, thus accomplishing the then wonderful speed of nearly two hundred miles a day. Edward IV. fixed the price of "post-horses" at a penny per mile; and, in 1581, Thomas Randolph was appointed "postmaster," though this office was not directly connected with letters until the reign of James I. As a matter of course, this being the King's post, the letters of the Sovereign went free.

2nd August, 1716.—The Rev. John St. Quintin was this day convicted at Norwich Assizes of asserting that the Pretender had landed in the West with 50,000 men, and with drinking his health. He was sentenced to pay a fine of twenty marks, and to be imprisoned for a year. Mr. Fern was also convicted of drinking the Pretender's health, and calling King George a turnip-hoer, for which he was sentenced to pay a fine of forty marks and to be imprisoned for a year. One Thomas Shirley was also convicted of saying, "King George has no more right to the Crown than I have," for which he was sentenced to be whipped.

3rd August, 1670.—The title of Duchess of Cleveland was this day conferred on Lady Castlemaine by Charles II., to patch up a quarrel between her and the other Court Beauties. "The indulgent Monarch loved peace; and as he seldom contended for it on these occasions without paying something to attain it, he was obliged to be at great expense, in order to reconcile this last rupture."

4th August, 1888.—A newspaper of this date says: "The Chief Inspector of the Education Department for the South-Eastern Division of England, reports as follows as to the ratio of male to female illiteracy: 'In comparative illiteracy, as tested by marks instead of names in the registers of marriage, the three counties of the South-Eastern Division hold respectable places. Indeed, the females of Surrey and Sussex head the list with the smallest number of marks in place of names. Kent falls somewhat behind, nor are the males in either of the countries so distinguished as the females for ability to write their names. A comparison of the sexes in this matter shows that the women surpass the men by 2.4 per cent. in Kent, by 2.6 in Surrey, and by no less than 4.1 in Sussex. In London the advantage is the other way, and more men than women sign their names at marriage.'"

YOU CAN'T GET OUT OF IT.

Oh, husbands, loose your purse-strings now—
Vain, vain is all resistance;
Your wives command: you sternly bow
Before their stern insistence.

Not you the best excuse avail,
What woman in her senses
Would miss the Summer Clearance Sale
The season's end commences!

A SHADOW 'MIDST THE SUNSHINE.

It is not good that it should be always sunshine; in the midst of all these literary and artistic gems it is as well that one momentary peep at the other side should be afforded the too light-hearted.

See! 'tis a widower, upon a foreign shore. The bright clay dust hangs about his suit of black, the suns of South Africa have bronzed the cheeks that in Pentonville Road were pale. He is fighting for gold—for life—for a little independency, which will keep him comfortably in beer and tobacco in dear, loved old Islington. But the fight is hard. Only men can live and strive in the sogged and boggy country of the squelched-out Matabele. The wife he has just lost is his third—and they cost him sixty pounds a-piece to get out there, exclusive of their kits. But he manfully brushes the hot, salt tears from his eye, and, with his tongue out, and both arms squared, he writes to the Buluwayo undertaker:

"DEER SIR,—Another job for you. You ought to allow me a thickish discount, and no error. My missis is dead ag'in, and I wants her berried to-morrer, as We'nsday's market day an' I got to go an' git some new minin' tools in Cape Town. Take this job fast. You nose wheer to dig the hole—'longside the other two pore wails. Let it be deep. Shall expect thirty-three off for cash.

"Respectful, J. APPELCRICK."

Let us draw the veil!

Every Wednesday. Twopence.

JUDY.

Best Artists. Best Authors.

EDITED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

59 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

QUITE TOO-TOO TATTOO!

[The newest craze in society is tattooing.]



The name of some burlesquing star,
Or of some nymph behind the bar.
They puncture now upon their arms,
And girls thus write their sweethearts' charms.
Indeed, all swiftness ye may view
Indulging in the "smart" tattoo!
Singing—etc.

"SOCIETY" yearneth now-
adays
Each hour or so for some
new craze;
'Tis soon fatigued with each
new fad,
The least monotony makes
it mad.
In now a song, and now a
dance,
"Society" finds its faddist
chance—
Anon it flops on china blue,
And now its arms it must
tattoo.

Singing—
"Tat-tattoo,
In every hue,
On arms and wrists designs
quite new;
To all fads you
Should cry, 'Pooh-
pooh!'
Except unto the new Tat-
too!"
Our mashers now their
wrists inscribe
With sundry wheezes of
their tribe—

A SPLENDID SUGGESTION.

"My dear sir," remarked the gifted editor of the *Weekly Wobler*, pityingly, as he glanced up from the MS. which his long-haired visitor had laid before him for perusal—"My dear sir, will you allow me to ask you a simple question before I read further? What is this?"

The author of the effusion thus referred to looked puzzled.

"It is a poem, sir," he said at length.

"Thanks," said the editor, quietly. "I only asked for information, you know; you must excuse my ignorance."

He read it through without another word, and then again addressed his visitor.

"You—er—you wrote this yourself?" he asked. "Don't be afraid," he added, hastily; "I don't intend violence."

"I hardly understand you, sir," said the poet; "but I am certainly the author of those verses."

"That's a brave man," said the other, admiringly. "And—er—your object in bringing them to me was—"

"To get them inserted in the *Weekly Wobler*."

The editor appeared stunned for a moment, but he recovered with an effort.

"Come, come!" he said; "you're looking—of course, you must be. Inserted in the *Wobler*? Ha, ha! it's not bad, though, really."

"Such, neverthe- less, was my wish, I can assure you, sir," said the other.

The editor looked grave.

"My dear sir," he said, "do you really and seriously mean that you intended these—er—this (striking the MS.) for—the *Wobler*?"

"Certainly, sir; and why not?"

"My dear sir," was the response, "you compel me to speak plainly. I'm sorry to pain you, but, really, your verses are, if you will pardon me—idiotic."

"Idiotic, sir?"

"Idiotic, vapid, meaningless, miserable twaddle," said the editor, truly. "Remember, sir, you forced me to an opinion."

The poet flushed; but he picked up his MS. and put it in his pocket.

"My poem is useless, then?" he said.

"I didn't say that," said the editor. "I think it's atrocious enough to have a brilliant future—to almost make your fortune, in fact."

"My fortune? I—I don't understand," gasped the poet. "What do I do with the poem?"

"Do with it?" said the editor. "Why, have it set to music—"

"Yes, yes," cried the poet, impatiently.

"And publish it as a drawing-room song."

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

EVELEEN JAMES.

THE lessee of the "Friv."
His opinion may give
That unworthy to live
Is "The Sloperies" Bard;
But I'll say what I mean
Of the fair Eveleen,
And I'll take of his spleen
Not the slightest re-
gard.

With my throat full of
sighs,
With the tears in my eyes,
I will boldly advise
The rash gallants who
live
In this city of geese
(If they value their peace
And contentment), to
cease
Going into the "Friv."

If they thither repair,
While Miss Eveleen's
there,
I can truly declare
They'll be "hit" jolly
hard.
She will make them de-
part
With as cureless a smart

As she's given to the heart
Of "The Sloperies" Bard!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

DIEP RIVER COTTAGE, DIEP RIVER, CAPE COLONY,
June 10th, 1894.

MY DEAR GIN-SOAKED ALLY.—Knocking around South Africa a lot, lots of funny things have passed my notice. This is one: Once, on one of my journeys through the country, one of the members of our troupe died ("Fever"), and the only wood to be got to make a coffin for him was an old packing case. It was made; and after being lowered into the grave, I looked down to take my last look at my departed comrade, when I saw on the top, "This side up. Please stow away from Boilers."

Yours truthfully, HARRY GLOYNE.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 238.—HE GRACIOUSLY ALLOWS BARD BEN DAVIES TO TAKE THE CAKE.

THE illustrious Eldestwhat'sname
Was coming to birth space,
When the Prince of Wales to SLOPER came
With a beaming gleaming face:
And the words he said to the Wreck should claim
A very conspicuous place
In the records and annals of Wales—the same
Being words which the Cymric race
Will hear with as true and as deep delight
As they gave to the Fossil himself that night.

"Thou hast taken the name of Ap Llmlt," he said,
"And in bardic strains hast sung.
Thou hast penned a poem which I've duly read,
A poem in the Cymric tongue.
And it proves how the robes of the Muse," quoth
Ted,

"To thy battered old hide have clung:
It proves, though thy nob be a white-haired head,
That thy brain and thy soul are young.
So come to Carnarvon, good friend of mine,
And the crown of the Bard shall be surely thine!"

Then the Wreck did smile and the Wreck did frown,
And he kicked himself grievous sore.
"To a publican clown in Carnarvon town
I'm in debt a few pounds—or more!
So I'd rather relinquish the high renown
You accord. Yet I'd fain implore
Your Highness to give me that bardic crown
In two tanners and boblets four!"
So the Wreck from the Prince got five bob as a
gift,
And the Prize of Carnarvon Ben Davies did lift!

OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES.

(Second Dose.)

WE never so fully recognise the beauty of the adage, "It is more blessed to give than receive," than when, having found a winner at Goodwood, we take a couple of bad sovereigns from a bookmaker.

"The farmers have deuced little to look forward to this year," growled the pessimist.

"Not!" ejaculated the optimist. "What about the glorious fun they get out of the month they're up in town on their Bankruptcy Examinations?"

A Maida Vale Matron wrote to the principal of the school attended by her daughter: "DEAR MADAM,—My daughter, Sophronisba, informs me that last term she was obliged to study vulgar fractions. Please do not let this happen again. If my dear child must study fractions, let them be as refined as possible."

Don't forget, young fellows, a wave on which many a poor young fellow has been carried away at the seaside is the wave of a lace-edged cambric handkerchief.

"My dear friends," said a Ponder's End Pastor at the children's service, "we should not forget that in the persons of these little girls and boys we see our future wives, mothers, husbands, and fathers." Then the organist tipped the organ-blower the wink to let the bellows have it, and broke in with a grand "Ah-h—men!" to save the situation.

There are a married couple at Lower Tooting who are both mute. They converse entirely with the broom and the bootjack, and have just as much fun as Lower Tooting couples who can talk.

"Oh! this is too much!" gushed the happy girl, as she read the proposal of marriage she had just received from the wealthy proprietor of the largest menagerie supply stores in Ratcliff Highway; "the dear man says he's proud to say he's got a specimen of every wild animal in the known world, and now all that he wants is me. Oh, joy! oh, rapture!"

WHO DID THE DAMAGE?

Visitor. Goodness gracious! what is the matter with your garden? It looks as though a steam roller had been over it.

Householder. Why, you see, my neighbour keeps fowls, and they got in—

Visitor. But they never did all that damage!

Householder (confusedly). N-no; that—er—I did that—er—chasing them out.

A LENIENT VIEW.

[A boy of eighteen, out of work, and "not knowing what to do," wrote a letter to his late employer, in which he threatened to kill him. He said he meant no harm, and the Bench, endorsing his view of the matter, "took a lenient view of the case," and gave him six months' hard labour.—*Press*.]

If some affluent squire, in a frenzy of ire,
Had half-slaughtered his dog or his horse:
If some viscount or earl had addressed a young girl
In a way that was boorish and coarse:
If some aristocrat from the fool and the flat
Had been wheedling their hardly-earned brass—
We are led to opine that in taking a fine
From such knives of respectable class,
Scarce a Bench in the land upon record would place
That they'd taken a lenient view of the case!

But a poor wretched lad, by starvation made mad
Is a different creature from those.
If on paper he sets certain imbecile threats
(Which he ne'er means fulfilling, God knows!),
Then the Bench, as they deal with his infamy, feel
That a sentence of death should be given:
And, if half-a-year's "hard" to the stripling ill-
starred

Be accorded, they bid him thank Heaven
That, in large-hearted mercy, in Christian grace,
They have taken a lenient view of the case!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

"ALWAYS. Vestibules.
"DIRECTING" a Letter: Hurling a big, big D at you.
"OUT of the Common": A man who has just quitted Peckham Rye.

A SHOULDER—"Blade": The sword with which the accoladic blow is struck.

A CLEVER Sort of Hand-righting: A surgeon curing a damaged hand without amputation.

THE LION QUEEN.

A Tragedy.

CHAPTER VI.

THE king of beasts has never got the reputation of being long-suffering and slow to wrath. It is considered to be an animal



Discovering the softest spots.

They had recognised the fact that the new Carlona was a somewhat different article to deal with as compared with the other Carlona, whose untimely retirement from the lion-taming business had put a stop to the toothsome snacks they had nibbled from his person. Therefore, when the new Carlona ordered them to do things, which self-respecting lions might, in their hearts, consider derogatory to their dignity, they did them—protestingly, it is true, but they did them. Even lions can be induced to attend to business, and to drop sentimental pride when there is a superior style of whip-wielder in the neighbourhood.

As is natural, however, the animals discussed their grievances in private, and with many mutterings. It is not the manner of lions to hold mass meetings and to orate over their grievances. Their views on their unhappy lot was wholly expressed in occasional growls after business hours, and a more than usually bitter snap of their jaws when an enterprising flea had secured a coign of vantage in a more than usually inaccessible place. Then these lions would roll over, hitting one another apparently accidental but really spiteful blows with their claws, and would yell at one another till they woke the whole show out of their beauty sleep. And after these outbursts they would once more lie down to dream of the happier times that would dawn when Carlona was no more.

But Carlona's evident loss of nerve began to have an influence on the conduct of the animals. On several occasions the chief lion had ventured to snarl, and though he got the lash promptly over some of his tender places, he felt that the whip was not wielded with its former vigour. There was, undoubtedly, incipient revolt in the atmosphere, and it only required a slight



The lions were simply paralysed.

thing to bring the revolt more prominently into evidence.

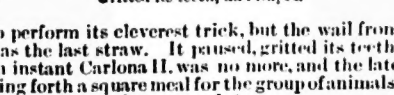
That slight thing was soon provided.

The arrival of the great Poliodropsicon was the last straw these lions could bear.

When the first notes of the bagpipes rent the air the lions were simply paralysed. The sounds were a new torture—a something that was wholly unbearable—a something that put their teeth on edge. It was so mysterious, too. The trumpeting of the elephant or the blood-curdling smile of the spotted hyenna were bad to bear, but time had had a softening influence on these—the lions and their fellow wild beasts got used to them—the tones were so monotonously the same. But it was different with the Poliodropsicon. There was infinite variety in the sounds that would be precipitated into the atmosphere from the seclusion of that mysterious boarded-up caravan. Sometimes these sounds would fall away into low murmurings that were almost soothing, and then they would break out into a squawk and a yell that was calculated to give the calmest wild animal in the world the stomach-ache, and the lions would sit round and whine and groan and swear in leonine language.

For Hamish McNab had a conscientious, artistic soul. He was paid to be weird, and he was determined to be as weird as his opportunities could make him. So one day while Carlona's performance was in progress, Hamish McNab discoursed a particularly fiendish combination of sounds on his illused instrument, and let them off at a critical moment. The low-comedy lion was about to perform its cleverest trick, but the wail from the Poliodropsicon was the last straw. It paused, gritted its teeth, and leaped, and in an instant Carlona II. was no more, and the late lamented was furnishing forth a square meal for the group of animals.

(To be continued next week.)



Gritted its teeth, and leaped.



No. 370.—PROFESSOR H. R. PEARCE, F.O.S.
"The hero of our Portrait Gallery this week is one of those individuals who believes in doing good by stealth. He believes in bestowing the maximum amount of benefit upon mankind with the minimum amount of self-advertisement. Professor Pearce has had an adventurous career; his life has, in fact, been a sort of gigantic Water Carnival; and although he has not yet succeeded in swimming across the Atlantic, he has crossed the Thames on many occasions. H. R. P. has a great partiality for Royalty, and has bestowed his patronage on most of the members of the English Royal Family. He has taught more people how to swim than any one else in the world, and he now is, in fact—like Alexander—yearning for other worlds to conquer. We understand that most of the champion divers of the present day have at some period of their lives been pupils of his. There can be little doubt, therefore, but that the genial Professor is quite a king in his own profession. Chiefly because he is a champion 'Swimming Instructor,' Pearce was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him May 28th, 1892."
—Dibrett Improved.



"Your chin shows mental incapacity, sir; mine expresses firmness." "Great Scot! does your nose show you're fond of beetroot?"



Ethel (to Maud). I say, are you game to swim up as far as the buoys?
Maud. Rather!
[Well, that's what Auntie heard. Was it surprising, therefore, that she was shocked?]



GARDENING NOTES.
"Hum! these flowers have come out nicely since last evening."
[The old fool was watering his niece's new hat.]

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She. That horrible old man has been following me about for twenty minutes, Jack. You must thrash him.
He. Impossible, dear; he has thrashed me too often.
She (contemptuously). Thrashed you?
He. Yes, pet. He is my dad.

A FRATERNAL ENCOUNTER.



(1) Bill Shore (with a turn for practical joking). D'jeer, Pat! See that 'ere noo crusher? Well, 'e's wot they call a "mimic," and a rare govt 'un. It 'ud make yer die o' laughin' to 'ear 'im take out a Paddy from Cork! Pat Rooney (sternly). He will—will he? Begob! 'e'd better not be after pokin' fun at Onkl Oireland in my priseness, or O'll shittien him! Shure, O'll go an' enquire into his manners this minute!—(2) Pat Rooney (with ominous politeness). Mither Officer, may O' presume to enquire—av yer civility to inform me which cyle O' should take to place me in contagious proximity to the Bank of England? The "New Crusher." Behad, frind! It's meself that's onable to give ye the information ye requaire. Shure, O'im but lately come from Corrk, and it's a stranger O' am in these parrts entirely!

—(3) Pat Rooney. Phwhat! ye half-sharvel herrin'-gutted blue beansstalk! Wut ye be after mockin' me? O'im a Corrk bhooy meself, 'an ye know it! The "New Crusher." Ye black-faced Oirish Turrk! County Corrk's well rid av ye whin she shpit ye out!—(4) Take that! ye spalpane! Troy a taste av a Corrk fist!—(5) Then the exiles in a strange land enjoyed for a brief space the pastimes of their native country.—(6) "Begorrah!" cried Pat Rooney, when a lull came at the end of the 150th round, "O' belave, from yer elegant performance, that ye're a thruse son of Erin after all! Tip us yer fist, me swate little shamrock! It does me heart good to look at yer fatures. Come and have a dhop o' the cratur, and thin help me to murrder that Saxon thafe o' the worrld, Bill Shore!"

ON THE SANDS.



Girls. Won't you play with us, Charlie?
Charlie. No; you are too young, and I am too big.
Girls. Big what—fool?

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED.



Clarice.

SELFISHNESS.



"Do you love me for myself, Jack?"
"No, for myself, dear."



"HOW TO GET RICH."
Popular Edition, 1740.



Newspaper Boy. Speshul! Three murders and four 'orrible 'splosions—paper!
[The poor old lady, who suffers from nerves, had gone to the seaside for the sake of being quiet.]



"Ever since in conception, w of whom inform playing was, I



"I never induce in friend—it's agn